

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Behind Enemy Lines"

*[conversations in a prison facility]*

*[Verse 1]*

Yo, little Khadejah pops is locked, he wanna pop the lock  
But prison ain't nothin but a private stock  
And she be dreamin 'bout his date of release  
She hate the police  
But loved by her grandma who hugs and kisses her  
Her father's a political prisoner, free Fred  
Son of a Panther that the government shot dead  
Back in 12-4-1969  
4 o'clock in the mornin, it's terrible but it's fine  
Cuz Fred Hampton jr., looks just like him  
Walks just like him, talks just like him  
And it might be frightenin, the feds and the snitches  
See him organize the gang, brothers and sisters  
So he had to be framed yo, you know how the game go  
18 years because the 5-0 said so  
They said he set a fire to a Arab store  
But he ignited the minds of the young black and poor

*[HOOK:]*

Behind enemy lines, my niggas is cellmates  
Most of the youth never escape the jail fate  
Super maximum camps will advance they game plan  
To keep us in the hands of the man locked up

(Hello?)

Collect call from Ness

(Where are you?)

Yo shit is crazy boo, I miss you

(Have you been alright?)

Yo, can you put some money in my commissary?

*[Verse 2]*

Little Kenny been smokin lucy since he was 12  
Now he 25 locked up wit a L  
They call him triple K, cuz he killed 3 niggas  
Another ghetto child got turned into a killa  
His pops was a Vietnam veteran on heroin  
Used like a pawn by these white North Americans  
Mama couldn't handle the stress so went crazy  
Grandmama had to raise the baby  
Just a young boy, born to a life of poverty  
Hustlin, robbery, whatever brung the paper home  
Carried the chrome like a blind man hold a cane  
Tattoos all over his chest so you could know his name

But y'all know how the game go  
Deez kicked in the front door and guess who they came for  
A young nigga headed for the pen, coulda been, shoulda been  
Never see the hood again

*[HOOK x2]*

*[Spanish speak]*

You aint gotta be locked up to be in prison  
Look how we livin  
30,000 niggas a day, up in the bing, standin routine  
They put is in a box just like our life on the block  
Behind enemy lines

*[Repeat]*